

In Recital

Meera Varghese, soprano

Assisted by

Judy Loewen, piano

Saturday, March 26, 2005 at 2:00 pm

Studio 27

Fine Arts Building



DEPARTMENT OF
MUSIC

Program

From *Salve Regina in C Minor* (1735)

- I. Salve Regina
- II. Ad te clamamus
- V. O clemens

Giovanni Battista Pergolesi
(1710-1736)

From *Pirates of Penzance* (1879)

Poor wand'ring one

Arthur Sullivan
(1842-1900)

From *Die Zauberflöte* (1791)

Ach, ich fühl's
Der Hölle Rache

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
(1756-1792)

Intermission

From *Roméo et Juliette* (1867)

Ah! Je veux vivre

Charles Gounod
(1818-1893)

Mondnacht, Op. 39, No. 5 (1840)

Robert Alexander Schumann
(1810-1856)

Widmung, Op. 25, No. 1 (1840)

Robert Alexander Schumann

Die Lotosblume, Op. 101, No. 4 (1849)

Robert Alexander Schumann

Waldesgespräch, Op. 39, No. 3 (1840)

Robert Alexander Schumann

Liebst du um Schönheit, Op. 12, No. 4 (1841)

Clara Wieck Schumann
(1819-1896)

Requiem, Op. 90, No. 7 (1850)

Robert Alexander Schumann
(1810-1856)

This recital is presented in partial fulfilment of the requirement for the Bachelor of Music degree
for Ms Varghese.

Translations

From *Salve Regina in C Minor* (Hail Queen)

- I. Hail, Queen, mother of mercy, life, sweetness, and our hope, hail
- II. To thee we cry, we, exiled children of Eve
To thee we sigh, moaning and weeping, in this vale of tears
- V. O clement, o holy, o sweet Virgin Mary
(Text: traditional; Translation: Apologia)

Ach, ich fühl's (Ah, I feel it)

Ah, I feel it; it has vanished – forever gone the happiness of love!

Never will you, blissful hours, come back again to my heart.

See, Tamino, these tears flow, beloved one, for you alone.

If you do not feel the longing of love, then peace will come to be in death

(Text: Emanuel Schikaneder;
Translation: Martha Gerhart)

Der Hölle Rache (Hell's Revenge)

Hell's revenge cooks in my heart, death and despair flame about

If Sarastro does not through you feel the pain of death

Then you will be my daughter nevermore

Disowned may you be forever, abandoned may you be forever

Destroyed be forever all the bonds of nature,

If not through you Sarastro becomes pale!

Hear, gods of Revenge, hear a mother's oath!

(Text: Emanuel Schikaneder; Translation: Lea Frey)

Ah! Je veux vivre (Ah! I want to live)

Ah! I want to live in the dream which still intoxicates me on this day!

Gentle flame, I keep you in my soul as a treasure!

This rapture of youth only lasts, alas, for a day.

After that comes the hour when one weeps;

The heart gives way to love and happiness flies away, never to return

Ah! I want to live in the dream which intoxicates me for a long time still!

Far from gloomy winter let me slumber and inhale the rose before shedding it of its petals

Ah! Gentle flame, stay in my soul as a sweet treasure for a long time still!

(Text: Jules Barbier, Michel Carré;
Translation: Martha Gerhart)

Mondnacht (Moonlit night)

It was as though the sky had softly kissed the earth, Which, glimmering with blossoms, could dream only of that kiss.

A breeze moved across the fields, the corn gently swayed,

The woods softly rustled, the night was so bright with stars.

And my soul spread its wings out wide, flew over the silent lands

As if it were flying to its home.

(Text: Joseph von Eichendorff; Translation: Decca)

Widmung (Dedication)

You are my soul, you are my heart,

you are my bliss, you are my pain,

you are the world in which I live,

you are the heaven in which I soar,

you are the tomb in which I have buried my sorrows forever!

You are tranquility, you are peace,

you are destined to my by heaven.

Your love for my justifies life,

your gaze transfigured me to myself.

By loving me, you raise me above myself, my good spirit, my better self.

(Text: Heinrich Heine; Translation: Decca)

Die Lotosblume (The lotus flower)

The lotus flower feels shy

before the splendour of the sun,

and with bowed head, dreaming, awaits the night.

The moon is her lover, it wakes her with its light, And to it, she lovingly unveils Her flower's innocence

She blossoms and glows and shimmers, And gazes mutely

up into the sky; Fragrantly, she weeps and trembles

With love and love's sorrow

(Text: Friedrich Rückert; Translation: Decca)

Waldesgespräch (Forest dialogue)

It is already late, it is already cold; why do you ride alone through the wood?

The wood is vast and you are alone, you fair bride! I will lead you home.

"Great are the deceit and cunning of men; my heart has broken for pain.

The forest horn strays here and there, o flee! You do not know who I am."

So richly decked are mount and lady, so wondrously fair the young form;

Now I recognize you – God stand by me! You are the Witch Loreley.

"You recognize me well – from the lofty cliffs my castle gazes down into the Rhine.

It is already late, it is already cold – you shall never again leave this wood."

(Text: Joseph von Eichendorff;
Translation: Emily Ezust)

Liebst du um Schönheit (If you love for beauty)

If you love for beauty, oh, do not love me!

Love the sun, she has golden hair!

If you love for youth, oh, do not love me!

Love the spring; it is young every year!

If you love for treasure, oh, do not love me!

Love the mermaid; she has may clear pearls!

If you love for love, oh yes, do love me!

Love me ever, I'll love you evermore!

(Text: Friedrich Rückert;
Translation: David Kenneth Smith)

Requiem (Rest)

Rest from painful effort and from love's hot glow!

He who longed to be united with Bliss has left for the dwelling of the Saviour.

For him who is just, shine bright stars in the cell of the grave;

For him, who is himself like a star in the night, will they shine,

When he observes the Lord in heaven's splendour.

Intercede, holy souls! Holy Ghost, let solace not be lacking.

Do you hear? A joyous sound resounds with festive tones,

In which the beautiful angel's harp sings out:

Rest from painful effort and from love's hot glow!

He who longed to be united with Bliss has left for the dwelling of the Saviour.

(Text: anonymous; Translation: Emily Ezust)

Meera Varghese is currently in her 3rd year of the Bachelor of Music program at the University of Alberta, majoring in Vocal Performance. She has performed across Canada as a vocalist, flautist and pianist. This year, Meera appeared in *Pirates of Penzance* (Festival Place Theatre) in the lead role of Mabel, as well as in the University of Alberta opera production of *The Old Maid and the Thief* in the role of Miss Pinkerton. Meera has worked as a Musical Director, Conductor, Piano Accompanist, and Artistic Director for several musical theatre productions in Ontario and Alberta. She is also an accomplished Bharatanatyam dancer (Classical Indian Dance) and has performed across Canada, as well as in India. Meera received the 2002 Speake gold medal for Voice (top score in Canada) as well as the Peace River Pioneer Memorial Scholarship in Music, the Beryl Barns Memorial Scholarship in Music (Undergraduate), and the Varagur Vaikunta and Sarada Srinivasan Award for Indian Music.